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## COMMUNICATIONS

### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SIOUX MASSACRE OF 1862

I was very much interested in Miss Kellogg's report and Mr. Bardon's letters in the June magazine in regard to the Sioux Massacre of 1862. They brought very vividly to mind my own experience during that massacre. I am sending this, thinking it may possibly interest someone else.

I went home with my aunt to spend the summer vacation of that year on her farm near Ottawa, Le Sueur County, Minnesota. The farm was on a prairie and we could see the village of Ottawa a long distance away. My uncle returned hurriedly from the post-office in that village one Monday morning and brought the dreadful news. We could scarcely believe it; we thought it must be an exaggeration. All day long we watched and listened for we scarcely knew what, and hoped for better news.

I never shall forget the horrors of that night. The sky was brilliant with firelight from the burning homes, and it required very little imagination to see Indians stealthily approaching. We were thankful that we were on a prairie.

Tuesday morning came at last and the news was even more dreadful than that of the day before; the Indians were much nearer, and we started on our journey. We were obliged to ride sixty-five miles in a lumber wagon to a place where we could take a boat. We had hurriedly packed what we could carry on such a trip—my clothes, still wet, were taken from the line and packed in my trunk. My aunt and I sat on that trunk for that long ride. On our way we met load after load of men who had been to Fort Snelling to enlist and were going home on furloughs to care for their crops. We had to stop every time and tell them all we knew. They could not believe what we told them, and ridiculed the idea that there could be anything serious, and laughed at us for being so easily frightened. We often wondered how they found their homes and families. We met one of these loads while fording a brook, and answered their questions while the horses were drinking. Suddenly I saw a brown face in the

bushes near us. I grabbed my aunt's hand without speaking; she looked where I was looking and we both thought our time had come. Not knowing what to do, we simply kept still and watched. It proved to be a half-breed girl quite as eager for news as we were and in quite as much danger, for the Indians were killing half-breeds too.

At night we arrived at a point where a big city was to have been built. The hotel was the only building of importance to be seen. Its empty rooms were soon filled with men, women, and children stretched on the bare floor or on blankets or watching for Indians through the dusty windows. I have forgotten the name of the place—it might have been St. Lawrence. It was some "Saint" but that is all that I distinctly remember.

In the morning we took a small steamer on the Minnesota River for St. Paul where we took one of the large Mississippi River boats for La Crosse, and there took a train on the La Crosse and Milwaukee road for Milwaukee. At my home in Milwaukee they knew nothing of our danger until my telegram telling of our safety reached them. I reached Milwaukee in the midst of the Indian scare in Ozaukee and Waukesha counties, which was very real to me although *only* a scare.

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